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For Moreas the *point of view* always remains the same, whatever may be the object he is looking at; he never shifts his position.

He is not stupid, as some have thought whose point of view was different. On the contrary, the least of his judgments reveals an extraordinary clearness of mind; and the relationship he establishes between the object and himself is always right; indeed, all the more right since he himself remains motionless.

As a Greek he hardly admitted that a work of art could be born of any other need than the plastic one; more French, he would have been better able to understand the aesthetic value of thought, in which he was rather poor, besides. He could never believe that I was in love with his poems.

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SIJARilS

Doubtless everything is not equal in this little book,[20] although I should not wish to remove anything from it; but the finest pages rise to so surprising a beauty that one forgets the difficulty one often had to get to them. You have to make up your mind with this amazing writer: he excites enthusiasm as naturally as he rebuffs; he makes no effort to enlarge himself or to raise his voice, nor does he to reduce and concentrate himself; the least thought is amplified by all the echoes it awakens in his great cavernous soul, and often, long after it has uttered its cry, Suares keeps right on speaking. He never runs out.

It is extremely rare that a mountain is precipitous on all sides.

To the famous "three unities" I should be glad to add a fourth: the *unity of the audience.* It would imply the importance for the poetic cre-

ation, whether a play or a book, to address itself, from one end to the other of its duration, to the same reader or listener. These reflections rise in me while reading Wells's ktest book, which his faithful translator Davray lias just brought out in the *Mercure.* Wells has the most ingenious mind; he skillfully interests us by opening up before us the most unforeseen perspectives; but his reputation has no need of farther praise. If he is addressing us today, why didn't lie always address himself to us? Read by too large a public, which he recruited in all countries and from all social classes, he now addresses himself alternatively to people who are too different from one another. In this book there are

[20] *Tolstoi vwant (Tolstoy Himself),* by Andr6 Suarfes (1911).